



[1]

Leo drove down Chickatawbut Road with the windows down and the radio up and a half-empty bottle of Budweiser between his legs. It was late in the day but still hot. People were up in the hills biking and hiking, maybe skinny-dipping up at the quarry. The leaves on the trees had turned silvery inside-out, the way they do when there's a storm coming. Thunder rumbled somewhere in the distance. He pulled into a scenic overlook area that framed the skyline of Boston perfect as a postcard. Two little girls, who had to be twins, were fighting over a coin-operated telescope as their father jingled change in his pockets, nervously turning his head and squinting at every passing car, like he was expecting someone. There was a couple to his right attaching complicated-looking bicycles to the back of their car. They were wearing skin-tight cycling shorts and the dude was sporting quite a hammock. Guys were popping out of

the woods in places you wouldn't expect guys to be popping out of the woods. Some old pervy-looking dude with shorts and dark stretch socks stopped by his window to ask what time it was, licking his lips.

"Time for you to fuck off," Leo said, spitting beer out of his mouth. The guy scurried off into his minivan and sped away, probably cumming inside his wife's silk panties.

He'd heard stories about the dudes packing fudge up here in the bushes. He wasn't so much interested as curious. This being the summer before he started college, while he was out jobhunting he found himself doing more and more research, sometimes driving around for hours, getting stoned, drinking beers he'd swiped out of the minifridge in his stepfather's workshop. Before today, he'd never even stopped, never dared to put the car into park. He'd always figured the guys would be real marys, swishing around and all. But mostly they looked like his father, fattish, baldish.

He did notice a kid sitting on a wall a bit off to the left taking a long swig from a bottle of water. "What up?" the kid asked.

Leo nodded back, all cool.

This one definitely didn't look like his father. Maybe a couple years older than Leo, taller, kind of lanky, long-legged. His hair was a little wild, a little bit of that all-over-the-place-on-purpose look. He seemed familiar, maybe the older brother of some girl he fucked. He reminded Leo of that shoe salesman from the mall that had so blatantly stared at his crotch while he laced up his new pair of size ten-and-a-half Nikes. Fuck, he'd gotten a hardon just on general principle. He'd gotten used to being watched over the years; never an athlete, never a square, hardly a scholar, never the clear-skinned cover boy -- still they watched. They whispered. And just by stripping and walking naked into the boys' showers every Tuesday and Thursday morning at 10:43, the legend grew. Everybody stole a look, coaches, teachers, everyone. He loved it.

The kid stood up from the wall and stretched. His t-shirt pulled up to reveal a quick flash of hard white belly. "Guys like that give me the creeps," he said, stepping off the curb, walking up to Leo's car, hunching over to get a better look.

"No doubt," Leo said, staring straight ahead, his heart doing a little flip-flop inside him.

"Fucking guy wouldn't stop following me in the woods, man. He was freaking me out." By now he was next to the window, leaning in, breathing in a deep whiff. "Mmmm," he said, "Smells kind. Smells very kind. Wanna get me high?"

"Aw, sorry dude. Gotta jet off to work soon," Leo said. What he didn't say is that he hadn't exactly gotten around to finding a job yet that summer.

"Aw, c'mon bro, you name the price," he said, leaning in further. "I'm jonesing over here." He nudged Leo's arm with his elbow as if they'd been friends for years. Goosebumps rose up on his arms. His dick started to twitch in his jeans.

"Ah, what the fuck. Hop in," Leo said.

What the fuck. Hop in.

Words that would change his life.

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The kid settled his lanky self into the passenger side, slouching down, spreading his legs open a little bit, his bare knee almost touching Leo's. "Nice ride," he said.

Leo nodded and nervously adjusted the rearview mirror as if it mattered. The guy with the twins sat staring at them from his Chevy Caprice, the girls strapped in the back chanting "Ice Cream! Ice Cream!" Leo reached over the kid's knees to the glove compartment where he kept his stash. Just being that close, feeling the heat of his body, made him go all creamy inside. He pulled a black film container out from underneath a stack of maps. "Shit," Leo said, "I don't think I have any more papers."

"Not a problem," the kid said, looking directly into Leo's eyes longer than guys are supposed to, "I come prepared." He fished a glass pipe out of his pocket and grabbed at the Bud between Leo's legs, swigging from it all sexy and knowing it. His skin was very smooth with a natural rosy blush to his cheeks and full red lips. It was a pretty face, and in the half-light of the car it might have been a girl's face. It was the kind of face you might see on a shopping bag at the mall, surrounded by other hot guys playing shirtless football at some prep school. Leo thought, without quite realizing it, that it was the most beautiful face he'd ever seen.

"Mmmmm," the kid said, nodding his head up and down, "Nice and warm." Leo packed the bowl with a moist bud and they passed the pipe back and forth, not looking at each other, not saying much, each of them holding in the sweet smoke as long as possible. The parking lot had thinned out and the air was filled with the rusty smell of the summer rain that now began to drum lightly on the roof of the car. The pot settled him down a bit. No big deal. They'd share a smoke and that would be it.

"This seat go back any farther?" the kid asked.

Leo didn't answer. Shit. It was as if all the matter of his known universe had suddenly crammed itself into this one innocent question. He'd just been out for a cruise, but this kid seemed just like him. His heart began to hammer away again, like it was trapped inside his ribcage and just needed to get out, stretch out, take a load off. Leo had never felt like this before. Period.

"Y'know, I -- I -- I gotta jet. Gotta get home," Leo said, readjusting the rearview mirror.

"Thought you said you had to get to work? Oh here it is," the kid said, reaching between Leo's knees and grabbing the release, sliding Leo's seat all the way back, putting his prone crotch right in the kid's face. The kid took a deep sniff and said, "Mmmmmmm," looking up at him, "I fucking love the smell of clean laundry." He sat back up, swigged again from the bottle and passed it back to Leo. "Relax with your bad self, dude. I won't bite," he said, clicking his big white teeth together, shifting his own seat back now. Leo was so hard it hurt.

He'd fucked around with a few girls, of course. He knew they were mostly interested in the dick, his locker room showings having gotten around. And it had been OK. Missy Dawes had given him a blowjob once. He'd gotten off, but it was a real toothy experience that had left him kind of raw and put off. Sue Burgess had really big tits, and she'd straddled his cock on prom night and hung them in his face like he was supposed to milk them or something. They basically just grossed him out.

But this was unreal. Fucking electric. Like nothing he knew. "What are you doing?" Leo asked, barely breathing.

The kid was turned sideways, only inches from him now, facing him. His eyes were all bloodshot, but sweet and bluish with big thick lashes. He was tugging at something on his own chest through his t-shirt. "I'm pulling on my ring," he said, lifting his shirt, holding it up under his chin. He had a delicate gold hoop through each of his nipples. "Tug on it," he said.

Leo squinted at it, playing like he'd never seen one before. "How's it make you feel?"

"Makes it hard," he answered, casually resting his hand on his crotch. Leo could see half of a green shamrock tattoo peeking out from beneath his shorts. "Go ahead. Give it a tug."

Leo reached up and grabbed it lightly. As he pulled on it, the nipple stretched with it, the tip of it visibly hard, excited. The kid breathed in through his nose, exhaling long and slow.

"Harder," he said. He wrapped his hand around Leo's shy fingers. Together they pulled on it harder, stretching it out further, the kid squirming in his seat, opening and closing his legs. "Now that's what I'm talking about," he said. "How you doing?" he asked, looking straight at Leo's crotch.

Leo couldn't answer. With every short, sharp breath, he grew dizzier and his dick got harder and fatter.

"Exactly," the kid said, nodding, slowly reaching his hand over and resting it carefully in Leo's lap, as if doing otherwise might trigger an explosion. His nose

was long and delicate and his lips, slightly parted, began to inch down Leo's chest now, past his belt buckle, resting his head in Leo's lap.

"Yo," Leo said, daring to place his hand under the kid's chin, "I'm in like fucking shock right here. I gotta tell ya'. Straight up."

"No problem," he said, "Just sit back and enjoy."

"But -- " Leo said.

And then he paused, not quite believing for a moment what he was going to say next, but unable to stop. "I think I might want to kiss you first. Is that cool?"

The kid laughed a little, closed his eyes and leaned in, slowly, deliberately, bringing his lips to Leo's. Leo tasted his sweet breath, felt his cool tongue flick gently against his lips, parting them, plunging in. He unbuckled Leo's belt, sliding his hand across the bulge in his underwear.

"Whoa," the kid said, "What you got down there?"



Leo checked the rearview mirror. The sun had passed behind the trees, but it was still melting off the buildings on the skyline like butter. "Kiss me again," he said. They kissed again, and again, furiously, like their lives depended on it, their tongues wrestling, Leo moaning a strange, boyish moan that came from somewhere deep inside of him, a place he did not know existed. The kid was licking his face, his neck, breathing into his ears, saying things that he couldn't quite understand but turned him on anyway.

And then he popped Leo's cock out and banged it against the steering wheel. "Jeez," he said, "No way. Fucking trophy dick." He swallowed it whole on the first take. Leo's eyes rolled back in his head, feeling his cock sliding inside that warm wet mouth, his back arching, his legs tensing. This was like nothing he knew. Nothing he'd ever imagined. Leo rested his hand on the back of the kid's head as he slid up and down the shaft, moaning with his mouth full, taking Leo's helmet head into his throat as he heard two car doors slam shut. The kid popped up as an older couple stood holding hands on the sidewalk, taking in the view.

"Shit, company. Let's go for a walk," the kid said, drawing a smile on the steamed window before opening the door and jumping out. Leo couldn't move for a moment. He was tempted to start the car and back the hell out of there.

But instead, Leo followed his cock and the kid out of the car and through a break in the stone wall that led to a path that climbed up into the woods. The rain had come and gone and left the woods steamy. The kid was ahead of him by a few paces, calling over his shoulder, "We gotta hurry or else they'll track us down."

"Who?" Leo asked, shifting his dick down one leg of his jeans.

"The cockhounds."

And then Leo noticed that there were guys of all shapes and sizes scattered through the woods, criss-crossing a set of trails, this one following that one, a couple guys sitting on a picnic bench, whispering. All eyes seemed to be on them. Leo decided to go a little incognito, pulling his baseball cap down across his eyes.

"C'mon," the kid said, really moving now, jumping over boulders like a track star as they climbed higher and higher into the hills. The sky up through the trees was streaked all blues and pinks like a watercolor.

Leo had spent his summer driving around in one big predictable loop; driving down to the beach in the morning, drinking coffee on the seawall, getting stoned, eating onion rings, going to the mall, filling out job applications with phony names and phony numbers, avoiding his mother and step-father, getting stoned, paying for one movie and seeing four, and cruising the hills, every day, checking it all out. But chasing this kid through the woods, over mossy, green stone walls, through mud, across little streams that trickled down from the quarry, he felt for the first time all summer, maybe ever, that he was actually going somewhere.

I'll follow you anywhere, he thought. And it was no problem, he had strong legs, always had. He'd been one of the fastest kids in school, not that anyone really knew that. Once, he'd accidentally caught the kick-off in flag football

and run clean to the end zone, lickety-split, flags intact. Nobody could touch him.

They got to the top of the hill to a clearing where an old observation tower stood. It was cool looking, made of stone with a wooden roof on top. They both stopped to catch their breath. The kid pulled his bottle of water out of his pocket and passed it to Leo, looking at him again, into him, puckering those lips again a little bit.

They climbed the steps of the tower together. Inside it was dark and damp and sort of pissy-smelling. The kid stopped, and when Leo came up behind him, the kid grabbed at his crotch and ground his ass against Leo's cock, arching like a cat, nuzzling his head back against Leo's, kissing his ear.

Like nothing he ever knew.

At the top of the tower they could see for miles around. The Boston skyline, the harbor, the highway all jammed with rush hour traffic. From up here the sun was still visible behind them, but lowering steadily. Leo could see his car, toy-like, and the tiny bobbing heads of dudes, cruising the trails, looking for love, or something like it.

"I didn't even know this existed," Leo said.

"You said a mouthful," the kid said, smiling. "I'm Rob by the way."

Panic.

"Chris," Leo said.

"Well Chris," Rob said, "I think I want to suck your cock again." And right there, he got down on his knees and unzipped his fly, pulling out his own sweet-looking piece, all curved up at full attention, big fat head.

Leo walked over to him and bent over, diving for Rob's mouth like he was bobbing for an apple, hungry for him. Rob buried his face in Leo's crotch and wrapped his arms around his waist. "Damn," he said. They stayed that way for a bit, Leo running his fingers through his hair, sliding his hands down Rob's shirt down to the small of his back. And then Leo got down to his knees too, and they hugged, wrapping around each other like two strands of the same rope, body heat feeding body heat, kissing, sweetly now, carefully, tenderly.

Then Leo did something that he'd never, before that day, even imagined that he would ever do. He bent down and wrapped his lips around the head of Rob's dick and began to slide down slowly, gradually filling his mouth and throat, eyes watering. It felt warm inside him. He moaned with pleasure with every inch. Sliding back up, he flicked his tongue across the head the same way he'd felt Rob do to him back in the car.

Fuck. I'm sucking cock.

Rob was getting into it, grinding, grabbing the back of Leo's head and guiding him deeper and deeper down the shaft. Leo's nose was buried in Rob's pubes,

breathing in his sweet, soapy smell. They lay down on the floor together and Rob unzipped Leo's fly to unleash the beast again. He went down on him all greedy for it, fast, furious sucking. They sucked each other, stuck together like two Lego pieces. Leo had heard guys talking about "sixty-nine" before, but he never pictured it like this.



[2]

Rob rolled under him so that Leo straddled his face, thrusting inside his mouth, his balls draped across his nose. Rob's shorts were totally off now, crumpled into a corner. His legs were spread wide open and he was rocking back, offering his ass to Leo.

Suddenly confronted with a tight little twitchy pink hole, Leo did what came naturally. He went with it, dove down on it, jammed his tongue inside it, amazed at how sweet it tasted. How fucking clean. Sucking on it now, making out with it

like a fresh pair of lips, Rob going wild, his throat totally open, Leo pounding his face, nailing his head to the floor. Leo started to moan deeper and crazier, he could feel the load cooking up inside him, close to popping, so Rob pulled off his cock.

"Don't come yet," he said, between breaths. He rocked back further so that his ass was in the air and Leo was munching on him harder, his tongue starting to hurt. Rob reached up with two fingers and slid them inside himself, finger-fucking himself right there in front of him. Leo had never seen anything so hot.

Rob rolled Leo off of him and onto his back, pulling his jeans down around his ankles. "Now you just lay there tiger," he said. Rob stood up and pulled something out of the pocket of his shorts in the corner. Leo lay back, feeling all dazed and amazed, staring up at the rafters on the ceiling covered with years and years of graffiti: *Blow me, JP + MM TLA, Is it 4:20 yet?*

Rob stood over him now in silhouette against the twilight, his bare ass facing him, reaching around behind, fingering himself again. The kid's sweet little smooth ass made Rob's cock twitch. Leo jumped up and spread those cheeks, licking him, biting him, flicking his tongue against the back of his balls. Rob ground it in, all for it, moving his hips around like a fucking girl except he had this hot throbbing cock to grab on to at the same time. That was what was so hot about it.

Rob lowered him to the floor and moved his head to his cock. Leo could feel Rob stretching a condom over his cock, inching it down with his teeth. Just that alone could've made him cum. And then, like nothing at all, Rob was straddling him, spitting into his fingers, slathering his hole, and sliding down onto Leo's glory like he was born for it.

Fuck.

That warm, tight, shoot-me-to-the-moon, custom-made for his pleasure, velvet, fur-lined fist wrapping itself around his beast, yanking on him, swallowing him, consuming his cock, teasing, taunting, bouncing, riding for his life -- like nothing he knew.

Rob spun around on him and faced him now, his own cock so hard and straight up it didn't bounce at all. Leo rose up and wrapped his arms around him as he pumped his cock deeper inside him. Rob's nipple rings rubbed up all cool against his chest. They kissed again, teeth-crashing, spit-swapping. Their lips were raw. Rob wrapped his long legs around Leo's waist and jammed himself down on to him, taking his fill and loving it, barely making a sound. The only noise that Leo could hear were the birds, a distant car, the slap-slap-slap of their bodies together, and the beating of his own heart.

"I like you inside me," Rob whispered.

"I like it inside you," Leo whispered back, seeing stars now. A quick chill came over his body and his balls groaned, something long-coiled up inside stirring, unleashing itself as he pumped and pumped and pumped until he flew eyes shut, mind first, into the blinding white light of pure bliss.

It was like free fall, cumming and cumming, dumping it inside him, filling the condom.



Rob spit into his hand and started whacking himself all furious, bouncing up and down at the same time, moaning in this high-pitched voice that made Leo want to cum all over again. Bam. Thick, hot ropes of cum leaped from his cock, one shot landing on Leo's chin, another his chest, the last one clear over his shoulder. They crumpled there together on the wood floor that now suddenly felt damp and cold. Rob's long eyelashes fluttered against Leo's cheek. "It doesn't get any better," he whispered.

"I'll take your word on that," Leo said, stroking the back of his neck.

It began to rain again as they put themselves back together. Rob bent over to pick up his shorts and Leo's cock bounced at the sight, tucked back inside his jeans. He wondered to himself why it had never really occurred to him, the idea of getting down and dirty with another dude. He'd always liked guy's bodies, the flatness of a belly, strong drumstick thighs, veins popping out on a forearm, blonde hairs glinting in the sun. And he got off checking out his own hot, compact body in the mirror, getting himself hard, turning to the side, checking out the beast. But it wasn't until Rob had leaned into his car all cat-like, purring, suggesting, that it had all connected with his cock.

"How you feeling?" Rob asked, facing him, resting his hands on Leo's hips. Leo looked down at the floor.

"Like I've been fucking struck by lightning," he said quietly as he leaned his forehead against Rob's shoulder.

"Yeah," Rob said, "I hear ya'."

They walked down the hill to a chorus of crickets, not saying a word to each other. It had grown darker and the woods were empty. Rob took Leo's hand to help him over a boulder and he didn't let go, gripping him in a way that Leo knew was special, rare. So here he was walking with another guy in the woods, holding hands, making lovey-dovey for fuck's sake. And of course he was hard again, raging for it. He wanted to savage him on a picnic bench, bend him over and bang him and kiss him all at the same time. He'd become a man. Just like that.

Theirs were the only two cars left, at opposite ends of the parking area. It looked odd to Leo, as if he'd expected them to be side by side. They looked out at the winking, blinking Boston skyline, Leo resting his foot up on the front fender of his car.

"Well that was really cool," Rob said, nodding his head, looking at Leo sort of sideways. "I work at this little gas station not far from the beach, man, across from Lucky's?"

Leo nodded. Shit. Now he knew why he'd looked familiar.

"Stop on by sometime. I close up around eight usually."

Suddenly Leo was consumed with the fantasy of fucking Rob on the floor of the garage. "Yeah. Absolutely," Leo said, not quite knowing if he'd actually have the guts to follow through. "So listen -- I gotta jet." He fished his car keys from his pocket as Rob walked over to him, took Leo's face in his hands and kissed him goodbye.

Leo pulled out still tasting him, smelling him, as empty bottles clinked around in the back like ice cubes in a glass.

The End

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Dewey Dunham, after a lifetime of walking the walk is ending his long silence by talking the talk of his many 'sexcapades.' He weaves his own colorful experiences into the larger fabric of life, love and libido.